

[SRP copy]

9/26/84

DWP—

Not unlike some venerable Baptist minister, on Monday, September 24, 1984, at 11:50 A.M., "I was called to Forest City." No Librarian at Forest City Regional School will be absent on October 2-3, and I have been asked to substitute for him/her on those two days. I, of course, am "thrilled" at the call, it's being my first one. That makes six schools I believe: CAHS, Forest City, Lakeland, Mountain View, Susquehanna Community High School, Trunkhannock Area High School. Substitute teaching may well be the key to my continued freedom here in the country. That, of course, remains to be seen. The last thing that I want to do is become a full-time teacher in an area high school. Being a substitute sounds very attractive at the moment. On Verba.

Yours [letter] of 09/18-19/1984, received. ^{I inadvertently damaged one or two final remarks on porphyria: last night I was flipping & reading in an anthology of English literature and came across a poem by Robert Browning called "Porphyria's Lover." The poem begins as follows:}

No rain set early in tonight,
No sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
and did its worst to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break.
When glided in Porphyria;...

By the end of the poem (60 lines), Porphyria has been murdered by her lover [... and all her hair / In one long yellow string I wound / Three times her little throat around, / and strangled her...].

In the same anthology I came across, and read, a poem by Percy Bysshe Shelley that is entitled

Can you send me a xerox of page 2?

"England in 1819." That poem begins with a very clear and explicit reference to B-3, who died in 1820. The first 6 lines of the 14-line poem are as follows:

"An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king —
Prince, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
through public scorn — mud from a muddy spring;
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leechlike to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow;..."

Curiously, very curiously, I, too, have taken to going to bed as early as 10 PM, and then starting my days very early. I'm sure that "twin specialists" and arm-chair behaviorists would be very interested to know about our similar behavioral patterns in this regard.

Yes, it would be lovely to walk to the top of Hawk Mountain some lovely day this fall. Speaking of Mountain tops, there is one weekend in October that the Elk Mountain Chair lift operates, free of charge, so that one may ascend the mountain and enjoy the autumnal scene. That might be pleasant to do. It would be nice to combine G. Foyt White's Valley, on the one hand, and Elk Mountain, on the other, in the same week-end. My feeling at the moment is that ^{the} 10/06/84 ^{event} (White's Valley) is too near at hand to be properly scheduled. If I were planning on an October trip to Northeastern Pennsylvania, I would do so for the Elk Mountain Chair lift ride. Should we talk on the phone about this matter? I would try to determine, as fast as possible, just when the Elk Mountain week-end is.

Perhaps as a Christmas present, you could make me a tape of Copote's "A Christmas Memory."

No, I do not think you were too high in your charges to Louie Anderson.